

You're The Best Thing by eddiekspraks

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Summary:

‘Time After Time’ by Cyndi Lauper was playing in the background - Will thought that it’s supposed to seem romantic, but it seemed a little too... grown up for a middle school dance. Will was just about to ask Mike to dance, figuring that his way out of an awkward refusal would be to say that he only meant it as a friend, when a girl who he had never actually seen before, asks him to dance. Will panicked and felt his palms beginning to become sweaty and hot. He looked at Mike, trying to send him a sign through the panic in his eyes that he didn’t want to dance with her, or with any girl for that matter- “Uh, I don’t...uh, I don’t know.” Mike started to slap Will’s arm, unspoken encouragement in the action, telling him “What the fuck, Will? Dance with her!”

You're The Best Thing

Author's Note:

Dt to Maud and Vic - I'm sorry for always sending you sad things... I hope this makes up for it.

This is something I wrote a little while back and finished a few days ago, I don't think it's good but my friends want me to post it so here we are, I guess. I also want to thank Erin and Lou, as well as Maud and Vic, for always reading my shit. You guys mean a lot and, yeah, I wouldn't be writing if it wasn't for you guys.

I am @wifhcrd on twitter, if you want to say hi.

"Wanna, uhm, you wanna like, you know like, just... you and me?"

"Are you tryna ask me to dance, stalker?"

"No... of course not. Unless...you want to?"

"So smooth. Come on."

Will smiled at Max and Lucas as they walked over to the dance floor, Lucas had finally plucked up the courage to ask Max to dance. Will was happy for them, really, he was (he was just trying to convince himself that he was). He watched them as Lucas put his hands on Max's waist, and she had hers slung over his neck - they were a fitting couple, seemingly perfect for each other. However, Will couldn't ignore that sinking feeling in his stomach, slowly crushing his lungs when he looked at the two together. It was like a tonne of bricks sitting on his whole abdomen, and it's all because he can't find the guts to ask Mike to dance with him. *'God, Will, why are you so hopeless? Just ask him. He's literally stood right next to you, you idiot. What's the worst that could happen?'*

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to ask Mike to dance, figuring that his way out of an awkward refusal would be to say that he only meant it as a friend, when a girl who he had never actually seen before, asks him to dance. Will panicked and felt his palms beginning to become sweaty and hot. He looked at Mike, trying to send him a sign through the panic in his eyes that he didn't want to dance with her, or with any girl for that matter- "Uh, I don't...uh, I don't know." Mike started to slap Will's arm, unspoken encouragement in the action, telling him *"What the fuck, Will? Dance with her!"*

'Mike does not want to dance with you' Will thought, so he mumbled an "I mean, sure?" to the girl with rainbow clips. Ironic, huh? He could feel Mike's eyes watching him as he walked away. Inside of Will, there was a tiny hope that Mike was regretting his decision to not say yes to his secret *'dance with me?'* question. But he didn't come over and swing Will around, laughing and joking and all loving, no, he just stood alone near the punch, looking solemnly at the floor.

Will had been dancing with rainbow clips for a while, well, maybe one or two songs. Max and Lucas were dancing to the left of him and, surprisingly, Dustin had joined him on his right... with Nancy? That was... unexpected. But nonetheless, Will caught Dustin's eye and smiled, he grinned back. Mike, still standing alone, made Will wonder *'Should I go over to him?'* **No.** He shook his head a little at the stupidity of the idea, and turned back to rainbow clips, giving her the best fake smile he could.

The next song that played was 'Every Breath You Take' by The Police. Mike was still sat alone, Will was still dancing with rainbow clips. Will has gotten so bored that he was now imagining that rainbow clips was actually *not straight* too, and was just projecting the pride flag colours as inconspicuous as she could. *'Just like you do'* Will thought, *'why can't you just pluck up the courage to dance with him? You really want to, everyone in the party probably knows that anyway. But people would stare. They would stare and laugh and judge you, just like Troy did and he doesn't even know.'*

The lyrics started out and Will danced a little more happily, *'why can't you enjoy just dancing with someone? It's better than sitting on the sidelines, alone.'*

Every bond you break

Still looking at Mike, Will saw him stand up. He was looking at something, someone, out of Will's view. Will craned his neck to see who he was looking at, but they were just out of sight. They were approaching Mike though; *'maybe it's his mom?'*

Every word you say

The person was in his view now, Will squinted to see them better.

Every game you play

Will's heart dropped, right into his throat, and he couldn't help but stare; It was El. She had been so late that Will had hoped that she wasn't coming, but obviously, she had come. She was there, and with Mike. Laughing, smiling and walking onto the dance floor, hand in hand.

With every step you take

Will tried to keep his eyes off Mike, as he danced awkwardly with rainbow clips, but he just couldn't tear his eyes away from Mike. He was dancing with El when he should've been dancing with Will. Or, at least Will hoped he should've been dancing with him. Rainbow clips obviously noticed, and a soft "Are you okay, Will?" was emitted from her direction. *Are you okay, Will? Are you really, truly okay?*

Will turned his head to face her, and weakly smiled, "Yeah-", Will caught one more look at Mike before diverting his eyes, "Yeah, I'm fine."

Every smile you fake

Will let out a small chuckle, this whole happy facade he was showing off right now? It was fake. Every single fucking thing about this night was fake and there was nothing Will could possibly do to fix it. Will danced a little more, exasperated and upset; then, the song ended. He nodded at rainbow clips, smiled and walked away to sit on the bleachers. Head in hands, sullen, he pressed his palms into his face; *'Why do you feel this way for your best friend? He's your best friend and that's it'* (He was **more** than just a best friend, *don't lie to yourself*,

Will).

Will was so lost in his own thoughts that he didn't notice the person who sat beside him until they had tapped his shoulder, "Hey... you alright?" It was so quiet that he barely heard it at first, he just caught 'ey, you alright?' but Will could recognise that voice anywhere.

"Mike?" Will moved his head out of his hands and looked at... Mike (there was no doubt in Will's mind that it was him anyway). Will gestured towards the sports floor with his hand, confused "Where's El? Shouldn't you be with her?" Mike looked towards where Will's hand was pointing and shook his head. His curls fell around his face, Will watched them fall, and it took everything in Will's power not to reach out and play with them.

"Nah, she left. Hopper made her, said she couldn't stay for too long." Mike looked around quickly before his eyes landed on Will and smiled softly, "I'd rather be with you anyway..." Mike was a little fidgety, Will noticed that he seemed nervous; leg bouncing, thumbs twiddling - still, Will didn't take much notice. Will looked down, picking at the skin around his nail. A blush spread to his cheeks and boy could he feel his face heating up. *'Mike would rather that he sat with you than dance with El? Wow- just, wow.'* "O-oh? We're just sat here though... S'little boring?"

Mike chuckled, his hand landed on Will's and held it. Will wanted to move his hand away but at the same time, he didn't. Mike squeezed his hand and Will looked up, "Well, I mean-" He paused, Will could see the contemplation in his eyes. His hand never let go of Will's, though. "We couldn't do the Snowball without us two having *at least one dance together!*"

Will's breath got caught in his throat, now Mike wanted to dance with him? *What the fuck?* "**Where's my** Michael Wheeler, and **what** have you done with him?" Mike tugged Will's hand as he got up, pulling him towards the dance floor. Panicking, Will tried to pull away but Mike just wouldn't let go.

"Are you coming or *what?* I wanna dance to this song!" Mike exclaimed and Will couldn't say no, how could he say no? It's what he wanted! Mike led him to the dancefloor, still hand in hand. People

looked, no, *stared* at the pair, Will wanted to cry; he had always hated being the centre of attention, but Mike gave him that sweet, reassuring smile of his and suddenly, Will didn't care anymore.

'You're The Best Thing' by Style Council was playing, Will loved this song.

Will danced with Mike how his mom had shown him to, she didn't know he was gay but somehow she knew to teach him how to dance as if he were dancing with another boy because that's the only person Will would ever want to dance with; a boy.

'Cause you're the best thing that ever happened

Mike looked at Will, he was smiling softly. He danced with Will like it was normal to just slow-dance with your best mate. Will smiled back, sighed and closed his eyes; he resisted the urge to rest his head on Mike's shoulder like he felt he should.

To me or my world

"Hey, Will... I, uh-I requested this song, yanno?"

Will's eyes shot open, "What?"

Mike's confidence fell a little, almost as if he was expecting Will to know what he meant but he carried on, whispering, "I know you like this song... So I thought we should dance to this song."

Will giggled in response, taking one hand away from Mike to rub his neck, embarrassed, "Thank you, Mike..."

You're the best thing that ever happened

'This moment feels like it's lasting forever' Will thought, *'you here, with Mike, felt right. You were going to make it last forever.'* Will could see rainbow clips on the other side of the hall, she was dancing with another girl he didn't recognise and he smiled. *Perhaps she was like you after all.*

Now don't go, I said don't go

“Does your mom wanna take you back early?” Mike questioned, his voice like a whisper.

Will shook his head, “No, I don’t think so? She said whenever I’m ready...’

Mike’s smile widened so much that Will thought his face was going to rip apart; he was grinning from ear to ear almost. “We could...Dance to a few more song after this? If you want?”

Will replied immediately, “Yeah! Uh, yeah, I mean... Sure!” Will’s eyes closed and he felt himself drifting, daydreaming about Mike. His wish for tonight had come true, and he loved Mike with all of your heart.

No no don't go away